

Big Drift

Jamie Lidell

Caverns of empty space
no bones can keep their shape
no water and no flames
but smoke as black as lace
go down ironsides
go down golden ghost
so long battle bones
I've seen it come to only dust
no black only gray
we come or come what may
break out of harms way
pink washed the skies away
beaches combing for the ring
reaches bones and copper string
all that's left from all you bring
keeps me searching through your things